

---

# Pro Rege

---

---

Volume 20  
Number 2 *Arts Issue*

Article 2

---

December 1991

## His Hand

Bob De Smith

*Dordt College*, [bob.desmith@dordt.edu](mailto:bob.desmith@dordt.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

De Smith, Bob (1991) "His Hand," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 20: No. 2, 2.

Available at: [https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\\_rege/vol20/iss2/2](https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol20/iss2/2)

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact [ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu](mailto:ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu).

# Monarchs

by Robert J. De Smith

The monarchs are flocking—  
Orange lacquered flutterings:

Just the spirit, I think,  
Of souls on Judgment Day.

# His Hand

by Robert J. De Smith

I.

His hand,  
Etched as curiously  
As Dürer's *St. Jerome*,  
But with motor grime for ink,  
Coaxes my shoulder upward:  
"I believe you're growing."

II.

As I struggle with a brake shoe spring,  
Mysteries of a new tool forcing awkwardness on me,  
He tries to make me see:  
"You don't want to be a mechanic—  
The dirt—the hours—the hurt."  
(A can of radiator flush,  
Under pressure, once sprayed his eye,  
Burning it; the doctor peeled his eye like an onion,  
Patched it, and prescribed glasses.)

III.

So here I am—  
Repairing participles,  
Aligning verbs,  
Overhauling paragraphs.  
The ink stains my left hand.

When I finish,  
I think I'll clean some spark plugs.